

STAND BY YOUR SEX.

AN UNREASONABLE MOTTO, THINKS
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Man is the weaker sex when tempted by
Enlightened Eve—How some headless
Women bring scandal upon themselves—
Quicker Ideas of Right and Wrong.

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WHEN there is a scandal about some woman, I will always stand by her and blame the man. I don't believe that they have more natural wit or a quicker sense of the ludicrous. The seriousness and gravity of most women are primarily the result of early snubbing; secondarily, of the lonely lives which most of them live after marriage.

As to the first cause: I wonder if there is a girl in the world with the least sense of fun, the least love of rational laughter and merriment, who does not continually hear "What a rattlebrain! Is anything sacred from your funmaking?" "How can you find so much to laugh at? You laugh just like a boy!" or, "I do believe you'd see something funny in a funeral!" or, worst of all, "Those who laugh while they are young must cry when they are old!"

I never noticed any unusual gravity in girls' behavior, or that they gurgled and laughed less than boys. Indeed the two very merriest, jolliest, most rollicking babies I ever knew were girls. But quite possibly they grew up to be two of the "slow" wives whom their husbands find so dull company.

The married girl who first brings scandal upon herself is the one who invariably needs our sympathy rather than the man in the case. Whatever her boldness or folly, her superior knowledge of human nature and the world should constitute him her protector. The father, brother, uncle, friend, who shoots the misdeed of a single woman and let her go free to reform her ways shows a commendable discrimination.

But the married society woman who forgets herself is quite another being. In this age of woman's progress man is the weaker sex when tempted by the enlightened Eve.

The married society belle knows exactly what she is about when she tempts and teases his emotions. She knows where safe and respectful admiration ceases and the desire for possession begins. If the love of conquest and excitement urges her on to play with fire until she is burned, it does not seem to me that she merits our profound sympathy. It is better bestowed upon the husband whose name is dragged in the mire and upon the defenseless children, who were forgotten in their mother's love of conquest.

I have a theory that a really strong man is never cursed by a faithless wife. A young husband who killed his wife's lover would have to her parents, "Bessie is vindicated." The tragedy becomes a farce when the man who was a vain, selfish wife has forced to become a murderer talks about "vindictiveness."

No wife is obliged to receive compromising attentions. It is difficult to understand why she is not quite as culpable as the lover in the case when she encourages these attentions until they bring disaster.

But it is the cause which leads to this sort of crime, which needs attacking rather than the people who become its victims.

The beautiful daughter of wealth who is allowed to do everything she wants to do, to have everything her fancy craves, to never know a wish ungratified, and whose father and mother grudge themselves on the fact that she is care free and possessed of every blessing can offer this sort of girl is just the one who as a wife will think herself entitled to the admiration she craves, no matter what people say about it.

Never having been taught the beauty of self denial in any way, how can her parents expect her to deny herself this most fascinating amusement? Never having taught her to use will power or self control, how can they expect her to deny up it after marriage? Having been allowed a constant change of pleasures all her life, how can they expect her to be satisfied without a variety of lovers and admirers?

Quite different is the case of the romantic, adored girl, who finds herself transformed into the selfish daughter of an indifferent husband. He is engrossed in business and club life, and the brief time he passes at home is spent in sleep or fault finding.

He is considered a "good fellow" among men, but he is miserable in his new environment with his wife, and entirely omits the small attentions and courtesies so dear to a refined woman.

After years of this heart famine a thoughtful, sympathetic friend comes into her life. "He" delicate compliments sound like the lost in the woman's heart. She had thought there was no use in trying to look pretty since no one noticed her appearance any more. There was no use in keeping up her music since no one cared to hear her play. But she looks in the mirror with a flush of pleasure now because her husband's friend has said her eyes are just the color of English violets, and she turns to her music with delight because he said her voice soothed and rested him.

It is all so easy to drift down stream after that with no thought of evil until caught by the fatal maelstrom of human emotion.

Oh, the pity of it all! Let us save our sympathy which would be poorly bestowed upon the selfish daughter of wealth and fashion, who seeks a new diversion in flirtation, and give it to the tried and sorely tempted, lonely wife of the faithless or indifferent husband who forgot his marriage vows with the waning of the honeymoon and left his wife to find diversion as she might. Such is the need the pity of men, women and angels.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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WHY DO WOMEN LACK "HUMOR"?

It is "Snubbed" Out of Many Women
in Early Life.

One of the brightest women whom I know recently deplored in print the lack of a "sense of humor" in women. She speaks of this sense as generally a monopoly of men—notably of newspaper men. While I admit that men laugh and joke more than women do as a class, I do not believe that they have more natural wit or a quicker sense of the ludicrous. The seriousness and gravity of most women are primarily the result of early snubbing; secondarily, of the lonely lives which most of them live after marriage.

As to the first cause: I wonder if there is a girl in the world with the least sense of fun, the least love of rational laughter and merriment, who does not continually hear "What a rattlebrain! Is anything sacred from your funmaking?" "How can you find so much to laugh at? You laugh just like a boy!" or, "I do believe you'd see something funny in a funeral!" or, worst of all, "Those who laugh while they are young must cry when they are old!"

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CONCERNING BACKS.

How the Shoulder Blades Betray Age—
Backs Should Be Straight.

"Young looking, isn't she?"
"She does look so in the face, and her
bosom is becoming, but I thought by
the spread of her back that she wasn't
very young."

It was a scrap of conversation overheard in the street. Although the criticism was made laughingly, it betrayed the fact that the speaker was neither kind nor refined, as the other woman's shoulder blades betrayed her age; but it hinted at one of the secrets of a youthful looking figure.

The back should be straight; I don't mean the spine—that contains a curve in the most erect figure—but the line across the back from shoulder to shoulder. A stick laid across her back should touch all the way along. The line of beauty is straight here, for a change.

The muscles of the back are like elastic; they should spring back into place, but they grow weak from age, the shoulder blades fall away from the spine and throw the shoulders forward, and the edges of the blades stick out, making the back round in a fat person and angular in a thin one, and always broad—"spreading."

The comparison to elastic is not perhaps the best one, since elastic wears out from use, while a muscle becomes stronger and tauter by use.

What backboards did for a past generation was to keep the back flat, but there are better ways now. The point is to exercise the muscles, so that they get taut. This is the secret of the fact that many women who have worked hard all their lives and who might be expected to be worn out by what is called "spray" and young looking. Bad making and sweeping and any work that uses the arms without having to bend over develop the muscles of the back and tend to make the shoulder blades when at rest return to their normal position. Sedentary work, in which the hands are in one position, as sewing or writing, draws the shoulders forward. The woman who does not need to work, if she happens to be too indolent to exercise for the love of it, and to incline to easy chairs and morning naps, will pay the same penalty and will need to look to it that her bosom is becoming.

Any one can correct this tendency, however, if she will. Dumbbells, grand exercise for the back. To swing them with the arms straight you must stand upright. When they meet behind the back, still standing upright, the shoulder blades seem to shut in like doors.

But if you haven't five minutes a day to spend in this way don't give up, like Mrs. Dombey, without an effort. You can at least go through the motion of throwing the shoulders back fifty times a day. It takes no time, for you can do it sitting, standing or walking, and a determined effort of the will to keep them back will soon pass into a habit.

M. H. F. LOVETT.

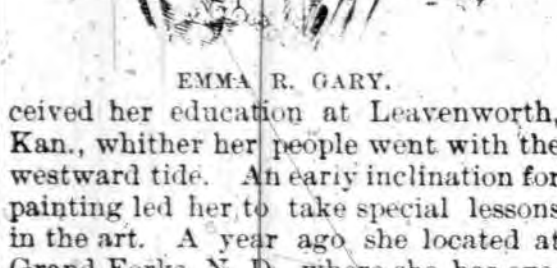
A Dakota Artist.

Among the struggling geniuses of the small plains of far North Dakota is a little dark eyed Boston girl, whose landscape and scenic painting have won her rich encomia. Emma R. Gary was born in Boston, Feb. 28, 1870, and received her education at Leavenworth, Kan., whither her people went with the westward tide. An early inclination for painting led her to take special lessons in the art. A year ago she located at Grand Forks, N. D., where she has executed many oil paintings of real merit.

How to Arrange Photographs on a Wall.
Don't nail them or paste them up. You will injure the wall and the photographs and will not be able to change the arrangement easily. Get strips of what the painters call molding with a deep slot in it. An end view of it will look like this:



Nail these strips, as many as you need, on your wall and stand the photographs in the slot. Or, if you don't want the pictures in rows, cover that part of the wall which you want to use with a crosshatch or lattice work of strong tape, thus:



Be careful to put a tack in firmly at each crossing of the tape. Different colored tapes may be used. Cover space enough to accommodate all your pictures and slip the corners under the tapes.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

A Bright Four-year-old.
The clergyman was a guest at dinner one day. Cream was offered him with his dessert, but he declined, gallantly saying "that would be painting the lily." A few days later, Hattie's aunt, who had artistic tastes, sent the child to pick for her a brilliant lily which she wished to copy. The little four-year-old started on the errand, but as she reached the foot of the piazza steps she turned, looked up at her aunt and said, "Would you paint the lily?"—New York Tribune.

A Case of Convenience.

Dashaway—Why don't you wear your diamond pin in your Ascot tie? It's proper, isn't it?
Travers—It may be proper, but it isn't always convenient.—Clothing and Furnishings.

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A Painful Operation.

A farmer shaving is one of the most painful rights ever witnessed outside of a dentist's office. For some reason the man who "beards" in the country always has a beard like a new hairbrush, and for some reason he never sharpens a razor. He gets on the back porch with his shaving utensils, and after rubbing the razor over the strap in an awkward fashion until whatever trace of edge it may have had has been destroyed, he hangs up his broken glass, and takes a position alongside the kitchen door, where the old lady will be sure to jostle his arm when she goes out to empty her dishwater.

With a brush that has but little handle remaining he manages to stir up a lot of lather from soap that would raise a cloud on the bottom of a boy's face, and with this he coats his face till nothing but his eyes and the back of his head are visible. With his thumb dipped in warm water he goes over the stubble again with a vigor that makes his flesh creep, until he feels that all reasonable hope of escape is at an end. The subsequent operations have been taken.

Taking the razor and looking at it suspiciously over the top of his glasses, he runs his thumb along the edge, fails to draw blood as he had hoped, and then with a sigh he looks at his watch. He has a young man standing by the door, who has been waiting for him to shave, and he has a young man standing by the door, who has been waiting for him to shave, and he has a young man standing by the door, who has been waiting for him to shave.

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Many Styles of Lamps.

One cannot too highly estimate the comfort and enjoyment derived from a clear, bright light. This particularly applies to the beautiful lamps that are now so fashionable, and which occupy such a prominent place in the stock of dealers in house furnishings.

The number and variety of lamps thus displayed is astonishing, and the greatest ingenuity and taste is exercised in their manufacture and decoration. They are shown in brass, wrought iron, gold and silver lacquered, beaten copper, china, silver, gold and glass, and of every conceivable design. The number and variety of shades is simply bewildering, among which may be found "harmonies" in yellow and "symphonies" in red.

These made on wire frames add a great deal to the appearance of any lamp. Red is a predominant color, notwithstanding the fact that it is very trying to the eyes, yellow being much more acceptable. Then there are some beautiful shades of pink, sea green, pea green, lavender and pale blue. The wire foundations are of several sizes and shapes—round, octagon and square—and are trimmed with deep bouffes, of the real or imitation silk used in making the shade, or of lace of a harmonizing color.

Flat shades are of all kinds and shapes—banners, shields, tambourines, as well as flowers of every description, with a few leaves and buds. These are placed at the side of a lamp on the wall and greatly enhance its appearance.—House Furnishing Review.

Agate Winkles Rites.
I was at a recent celebration of our country's freedom. Of course that famous declaration regarding the equality of all was read from a flower bedecked and flag draped platform. After the orator of the day had finished his grandiloquent group of excited talkers attracted my attention. I picked up my ears, for I had "twas the woman's question, which will not down, that was causing the disturbance. It said not like the speaker's utterances on the question. He had to say something, for it cannot be ignored at the present day, and being a young man and pro-republican, of course he favored our cause. This angered his conservative listeners.

One of these, a rough visaged old man, whom I will call Father Follinsby, excitedly exclaimed: "Hug it all this woman's rite business makes me all fired mad! (spits to the right of him.) Damn it all, I don't know what all this non-sensical talk is about, but I'll tell you, I'm a man of a family; let 'em be good Christian mothers, (spits to the left of him.) Yes, I say, let 'em be good Christian mothers, an' our boys'll come out all right; they'll do the right thing, and when brought up by good Christian mothers, (rolls over his head and spits again.)"

Alas! thought I, if Mother Follinsby is a "good Christian mother," say if she is a saint from heaven—can she counteract heredity and the daily influence of that foul mouthed tobacco-spitter? Echo answered: "Can she? For L. Fancher in Boston Woman's Journal."

Boiled Milk and Infant Mortality.
It may be said that most of the experiments of physiologists tend to show that boiled milk is more digestible than unboiled milk, and that, in fact, the unboiled milk is the better for the infant. These happy results are plainly due in great part to the supervision of nurses required by the Rousell law. Nevertheless it must be noted that the superiority of boiled milk has been ascribed to by most physicians, and that they more and more require the nurses whom they superintend to feed their charges with boiled milk. It may be allowable to suppose that the use of boiled milk is one factor in the diminution of mortality in infants brought up on the bottle. The only case in which there would appear reason for doubting the milk is when the animal which furnishes the milk is well known, and there can be no doubt about its apparently perfect state of health.—Paris Revue Scientifique.

How Long to Stay in the Water.
A thorough bath of the entire person should be taken at least once a week during the year, and often during warm weather or where the employment is such as to render it a necessity. But it is not well, even in sea bathing, to drench and soak the system, as is often done by those who are professedly in search of health. Nor should immersion in the water be continued for too long a time. From five to ten minutes is sufficient for children, from ten to twenty minutes for women, depending upon their physical vigor, and from fifteen to thirty minutes for men; the latter being as long as a robust man should remain in the water daily.

When Woman Feels Justly Proud.
Perhaps the time when a woman most feels that she is the full equal of any man is when she has begun to feel at home on a bicycle.—Ran's Horn.

Mrs. Wharton, of Kansas City, has gained fame by the courage she has displayed as fireman on the locomotive road to her husband.

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COLONEL GRAHAM, OF POSEY COUNTY.

His Joyless Ride in the Smoker with an
Ungrateful Journeyman.

When Colonel Graham, of Posey county, Ind., left town for Trenton yesterday he put in his pocket two of the best imported cigars that he could buy. The colonel is a confirmed cigarette smoker, but he always carries cigars for self protection when he has developed a discriminating nose for tobacco. A rank cigar makes him more peevish than "knees" in his trousers. There are few smokers of bad cigars who will not throw away a half burned stump to acquire one of the colonel's good cigars, with the graceful apology that always goes with it.

"Why, do you know," said Colonel Graham the other day, "there are no cigars in Indiana so rank as those that are smoked in New Jersey. They are the brand that will kill vegetation, and I always carry a cigar or two to give away on the smoking car. Why, it's enough to make a man fretful."

Colonel Graham's seat in the smoker was shared yesterday by a man with no taste in tobacco. He sniffed contemptuously at the colonel's cigarette, and puffed contentedly at a very bad cigar with a dark, shiny wrapper. Colonel Graham was growing searier. He threw away his cigarette, and drawing a cigar from his pocket said to the man beside him:

"Pardon me, sir, but may I trouble you for a light?"
"Sure, Mike," replied the man, and he handed Colonel Graham a cigar that had just been lighted. Colonel Graham carefully lighted his own cigar, and with apparent absentmindedness tossed the other out of the window.

"Well, I'll be—"
"Don't," interrupted Colonel Graham, "I really wasn't thinking what I was doing. Please accept one of my cigars and permit me to offer an apology. I am very absentminded at times."

The man looked